

To the Kings Most Excellent Majestie, The
Humble Address of Poor Distressed Prisoners for Debt.

MOST Royal Sir, your Glorious Brother, He,
Delighted much in Acts of Charity;
His Basest Enemies now say of him,
He was a Pious and a Glorious KING:
Follow his Steps GREAT SIR, and set us Free:
Perfume the Noisome-Goals with Purity.
Like *Larks* we'll soar up to the Heavens High,
And with your Glories Penetrate the Skye:
Thence with our Acclamations we'll rebound
Thundering the Air; and make the Earth to sound:
There need no Bells, we'll Ring so loud a Peal,
Shall waken all the Drouzy-Faction-Weal.
Instead of Faggots we our Coats will Burn,
And Me'morize their Ashes in an Urn.
That Sacred Day shall ever after be
Stamp'd, as a Coin for Future Memory.
The World shall Echo, and each Subject say,
This shall for ever be Great JAMES's Day.
Each dissaffected Pefant when he sees,
Such Noble, Charitable, Acts as these:
Will Tongue-tyed be, and ever be asham'd,
When e're he hears Great JAMES our CÆSAR Nam'd
SWEET SIR, to our Petition lend an Ear,
By Loyalty our Compass we will Steer:
Casting our Anchor at your Royal Feet,
The only Port such Sailors can, with meet:
Pity, Oh Pity Poor Distressed-Men,
And Dying, you will Dye to Live again.
May all the Blessings Heaven can pour down,
Be Sprinkled on your Sacred Earthly Crown.

Futamen Regis Solamen Gregis.

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